BLUE MURDER: a poem by Alexander Baron

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“All animals are equal, but the pigs are more equal than others” - Mark Taha

One day in April ’99, a man in London West
Decided to give Britain’s finest one almighty test.
He walked up to a well known blonde we’ve all seen on TV,
Took out a gun and pointed it, and Jill was history.

Then he walked off cucumber cool into the pub’ domain
Anonymous, and some would say, was never seen again.
A massive hunt was launched in which no stone was left unturned,
And every nook and cranny searched where’er a motive burned.

From local weirdos to a hit by crooks aggrieved by Dand’,
To family and one-time boyfriend in a far off land.
Eventually they paid a visit to one Barry George,
A fantasist whose hobby was a secret past to forge.

He was related to a rock musician, so he said,
And he’d been in the SAS (as well as off his head).
The homicide squad staked him out and followed him most sly;
Where was he on the day Jill died? He’d faked an alibi!

They swooped and found a particle they said was just the sort
To drag poor weirdo Barry into an Old Bailey court’,
Identification was not a problem for the Bill,
For many folk had seen the man who’d gunned down Dando Jill.

True, no one said he looked like George, but it’s the same old story:
The Filth have never let facts stand in the way of their glory.
But no glory was to be found in spite of his conviction,
The media picked up on every flaw and contradiction.

In court, defending counsel had destroyed the Old Bill’s case,
And reasonable doubt stared every juror in the face;
Five days it took to guilty say by a majority,
And no one looked a more unlikely hit man than did he.

“We’ve got the right bloke!” cried The Filth, and so did Dando’s clan,
“The evidence was overwhelming; what a guilty man!”
His lack of motive was conclusive, and the missing gun
Was further proof (if needed) that this wicked deed he’d done.

Contrast the case of Barry George with that of Ashley, James,
An innocent man in his bedroom who went down in flames,
Shot dead by trigger happy Filth who in a killing mood
Said that he posed a threat to life while both unarmed and nude.

The judge directed that *mens rea* simply wasn't there
To kill or seriously wound, the Crown said, "Yes, I swear,
It was a tragic case for sure, but we throw in the towel."
The pig who shot him walked free leaving Ashley's folk to scowl.

And then there was the case of Harry Stanley, hapless Scot,
Whose crime was that his accent sounded Irish to some clot
Who phoned The Filth and said "An IRA man with a gun
Has just walked in my local pub, get round here quickly son!"

The Filth turned up armed to the teeth, as Stanley downed his keg
And left the boozer carrying a coffee table leg.
They shouted out to him, he turned around, what chance had he?
He couldn't turn his head, he'd had an operation, see.

His stomach full of stitches, soon his bonce was full of lead,
The fucking trigger happy cunts shot Harry Stanley dead.
A public outcry was to ensue, and the PCA,
The venal scum who whitewash Filth walked into the affray,

As did the CPS, they sat on the case like they do,
Before concluding no charges at all could they pursue.
The same old story, nothing ever changes, and will not
While Bent Filth and their acolytes run the Masonic plot.

However strong the evidence, however grave the crime,
One thing you'll never live to see: a copper doing time.